

to the merely utilitarian; no one could show more sensitiveness, even in that age, to horrid scenery. He visited Rhayader in Wales, and found the wildernesses round the Devil's Bridge 'worthy of a gang of Salvator's banditti*.' The sensations excited by this combination are terribly sublime; in nervous people they would be painful. One of our party* as he was crossing the bridge after a moonlight view of these woods and waters, felt as if a murderer was at his heels, with intent to throw his body into the depths below/

No one can be surprised after this to find the Doctor mountaineering on Parnassus itseE The result was a poem on Alexander's Expedition into India, in the style of *The Loves of the Plants*. A work of no less purpose than art, it had two main objects: first, to prove what some of Dr. Darwin's friends had denied, that the style of *The Love of the Plants*, however sublime, *could* be imitated; secondly, to denounce the British domination of India, as neither moral nor expedient. To this end the poem was accompanied by excursions, nearly as long as itself, on the character of Alexander the Great; on the institutions of the Hindoos and 'that torpid state which is peculiar to Asia'; on Explosive Compositions; on the Antiquity of the Hindoos (here the author audaciously asserted, in the teeth of Moses, that geology 'proves the earth to have existed for millions of years, perhaps of

ages'); on the
complexion of the natives of Hot Countries;
and lastly on
the iniquities of British rule in India, with
documentary
evidence. 'If these documents be correct',
remarks Dr,
Stock, anxious but discreet, 'a review of them
cannot but
excite both grief and apprehension/ Only
one thing was
wanting: the great work was never
published.

It was, however, privately printed,
woodcuts to illus-
trate it being cut by a parish clerk and the
type set up in a